

## BELLARMINE DEBATERS TO ENGAGE HOLY CROSS

WASHINGTON ALSO BOOKED

**Freshman Speakers Organize With Heavy Schedule Of Debates In View**

The speakers of the Bellarmine Debate Council will continue their series of inter-collegiate debates next Monday night before a dinner-meeting of the Action Guild of the Knights of Columbus. Two juniors, Paul N. Schaub and Charles R. Gellner, will meet the Fenwick Debating Society of Holy Cross College to dispute the advantages and errors of the President's "p u m p-priming" program. The formal wording of the question will be "Resolved: That the United States should cease to use public funds (including credit) for the purpose of stimulating business."

### Meet St. Francis

The Loyola debaters met St. Francis College of Loretto, Pennsylvania, last Monday before the Mt. Carmel Council of the Knights of Columbus. James Kennedy and Samuel Powers upheld the affirmative side of the resolution stated above. On the next night Daniel Loden and Carroll O'Neill argued the same question with John Carroll University from Cleveland, Ohio, in the Loyola Library.

On March 1, the Bellarmine Society will clash with Washington College from Chestertown, Md.

### Freshmen Organized

On the first day of the new school term, February 1, the George C. Jenkins Debating Society was organized under the supervision of Mr. David J. Burke, S.J. An immediate election of officers took place and those chosen were Thomas Thaler, president; Charles E. Barrett, vice-president; P. Edward Kaltenbach, secretary; and John J. Philbin, treasurer. Membership is restricted to freshmen.

The purpose of this society is to meet in debate similar societies of various colleges and to train its members in the art of public speaking. Among their plans for the future are the establishing of a library on public speaking and the compiling of a file of all the speeches delivered by the club members.

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 4)

## Glen Grey's Orchestra Voted For Prom

**Prominent Casa Loma Band Noses Out Clinton And Shaw In Ballot**

Determined to hold the most glittering Junior Prom in the history of Green and Grey social activities, Jim Maguire, the president of the junior class, last week convened his third year confreres in Room 201 to vote for the orchestra that will play at the largest dance of the school year. After some hectic balloting, the most popular dance band was decided to be Glen Grey and his Casa Loma Orchestra. Second place went to Larry Clinton, while Artie Shaw drew third choice.

### Prominent Dance Band

Glen Grey, who possesses one of the nation's most prominent orchestras, has largely secured his reputation through his well-known musical programs over the airwaves. At present he is holding forth nightly in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. On his previous trips to Baltimore Glen Grey received widespread applause for his distinctive melodies.

### Negotiations Opened

Mr. Maguire announced that negotiations have already been opened with Rockwell O'Keefe who manages the Casa Loma Orchestra. The Prom will be held some time in April and, if such an excellent orchestra as the one chosen by the juniors can be secured, promises to be as successful as any that Loyola College has ever held.

## NEWS BRIEFS

We regret to announce the death of Miss Zita Risacher, the sister of Rev. John A. Risacher, S.J., at her home in El Paso, Texas, on February 7. Father Risacher has the sympathy of the entire student body.

This year the subject for the annual Whiteford Historical Essay Contest will be "Commodore John Barry, Father of the U. S. Navy."

Mr. Thomas Thaler, of the freshman class, recently won the oratorical contest held by the De Sales Unit of the Veteran Units of the Catholic

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"The Romancers" (from left to right): Carr, Gellner, Farrell, Murphy, and Smith

## ROSTAND'S "ROMANCERS" HILARIOUS SUCCESS

FARRELL, GELLNER LEAD

**Costumes And Subtle Humor Evoke Gay Laughter; Dance Afterwards**

"The Romancers," by Edmond Rostand, was presented by the Loyola Mask and Raper Society last Wednesday evening, February 15. A large attendance filled the auditorium of the Maryland Casualty Building to watch the school's thespians give an hilarious presentation of this famous romantic comedy.

The varsity production, directed by Mr. Vincent Hopkins, S.J., left nothing to be desired. All the gentle satire and subtle humor of Rostand was brought out by a very capable cast, and the elaborate costumes added much to the general gaiety of the evening's entertainment.

### Excellent Cast

Charles Gellner as the fretful Sylvestre who loves romance more than she loves Percinet, had by far the most difficult assignment. His female impersonation was expert, and the delighted audience applauded him often between its laughter. John A. Farrell, as Percinet, the ardent lover of Sylvestre, was excellent as the romantic dreamer who in the final act learns to prefer his love a little more comfortable and a little more prosaic.

J. Brady Murphy and George Smith, the fathers of the lovers, who pretend a bitter feud in order to give the affair of their children a thrilling similarity to Romeo and Juliet, were convincing in their roles which demanded a good deal of restraint.

Outstanding among the other characterizations was that of Charles Carr who, as Straforel, supplied a romantic background for the lovers—but at a price. The many others in the cast plus the music of Henry Zangara made for a completely successful and enjoyable production. Following the play, there was a dance in the ballroom to the music of the Men About Town. The chaperons of the dance were Mrs. Frederick C. Aumann; Mrs. Charles C. Conlon; Mrs. John Marshall Jones; Mrs. Edward W. Smith and Mrs. Norman V. Waltjen.

## Schaub Heads 'Hound Staff

**Nineteen Staff Members Are Present At Stafford Hotel; Gene Jendrek, Guest Speaker; Dean, Rector Present; Departing Seniors Honored By Moderator**

One of the most pleasant events of the scholastic year took place on Jan. 31, when THE GREYHOUND staff met at Hotel Stafford for their annual banquet. The evening was made more delightful by the presence of the President of Loyola, Father Bunn, and the Dean of the College, Father Gorman.

The banquet marked the end of the college literary careers of several of the editors of the school paper. With a golden token of esteem for their unflinching service, Father Fremgen, Moderator of THE GREYHOUND, bade *au revoir* to Joseph Kelly, the former editor-in-chief; William Doyle, his able assistant; and to editors Loden, Stevenson, Smith and Scholz.

### Guest Speakers

The guest of the evening, Mr. Eugene Jendrek '36, one of our former editors-in-chief in the paper's "lean days," pointed out to those present the simple task that editing THE GREYHOUND should be

now, by recounting some of his experiences as editor. Fortunately conditions have been improved.

Addresses of interest were also made by the President and Dean, both of whom praised the paper and its accomplishments, and urged the new staff to maintain the high standard the paper has attained.

### Staff Changes

Father Fremgen, in his speech, announced the new staff for the coming year. Paul N. Schaub is to succeed Joseph Kelly as new editor-in-chief, with Charles R. Gellner as his assistant. John Farrell takes over the column of George Smith and Ned Stevenson is to be succeeded by Charles Gellner. Noah Walker and Paul O'Day take up the pen laid aside by Dan Loden. Several new members were added to the staff, including Messrs. Thompson and Baummer of the Junior class.

## Chemists Hear Lecture By Dr. Patrick

The Loyola Chemists' Club had as its guest speaker on Tuesday, February 14th, the distinguished Professor of Chemistry of Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Walter A. Patrick, Ph.D., D.Sc., Dr. Patrick presented an illustrated lecture on "Silica Gel and Its Applications."

Dr. Patrick, in his dry wit, told of the great possibilities

of his important discovery and its allied products which he is still in the process of developing. He spoke of the many and varied uses that silica gel has been put to and exhibited an interesting motion picture on his subject which further aroused the interest of all present. Following his lecture, there was a general discussion by the members of the Club.



## THE GREYHOUND

LOYOLA COLLEGE

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No. 6

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## Student Exemplar

It can require no strenuous editorial effort to write the praises of Pope Pius XI. Since his death last Friday, the world has given eloquent testimony to the nobility and holiness of the humble priest who rose to govern four hundred million Catholics as the Vicar of Christ on earth. It is presumptuous, perhaps, for us to say more; but, as students of a Catholic college, we pay a simple tribute to the great teacher whose precepts we follow and whose intellectual leadership we had all acknowledged.

Few will deny the valuable contributions which Pope Pius made to Christian thought by his many encyclicals. In them is contained the only workable solution to much of our economic, social and moral confusion. If the principles which they enunciate were to be applied to our present political difficulties, it is probable that many phases of our national life would be restored to a more normal stability; nor would all the world tremble whenever one of the dictators decided to stamp his foot.

His *Quadragesimo Anno*, which expertly clarifies the *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII, is a textbook for any class that is concerned with the Christian concept of economics. So also, his *Casti Conubii* is used wherever Christian ethics are studied. In the field of education, we have a masterful document in the *Divini Illius*, which establishes the lofty ideals of Catholic teaching and is a final rebuttal to the modern schools which alter their educational patterns every fortnight and still insist upon training man as a glorified monkey and nothing else.

With genuine regret, therefore, we write of the death of the scholar whose example it will be well to follow. In a world which borders upon intellectual hysteria, we are proud of the man who so ably illustrated the uniformity and sobriety of Catholic thought.

## The Paradoxical Press

During the past week, the secular press has been filled with glowing eulogies on the late Pope Pius XI. Remarkable has been the respect and admiration accorded him by journalists of all classes and all beliefs. We are accordingly obliged to express our gratitude to the many newspapers throughout the country for the tribute they have paid Catholicism by their admirable treatment of the sad event which stirred all Christendom to mourning.

It is unfortunate that the secular press is only seldom deserving of our commendation. But in the past its policy has consistently been one of positive distortion of fact and vicious disparagement of the Catholic position on almost every question from politics to morality. The recent treatment of the Spanish war has been a classic example of such editorial myopia. Under a smokescreen which they call the "freedom of the press," the majority of American journals have become infested with a flood of poisonous propaganda as they attempt to beatify a Loyalist government that is kept from disintegration by a herd of Marxist pinks. An anti-religious bias has so warped the news dispatches from Spain that the praise of Pope Pius comes as a violent contrast.

Small wonder that the Catholic hierarchy should designate February as "Catholic Press Month." Although the death of the Holy Father may mark a happy change in the attitude of the secular press, we are to be reminded that the only trustworthy representation of contemporary history is to be found in the many Catholic publications.

## Along The Lane

By JOHN FARRELL

In assuming (I should say "presuming to assume") this column, I notice that Cold Spring Lane has been rather unevenly divided between me and my neighbor. He gets twice my amount of space. However, he gets the Cold Spring (let him take what comfort he may out of that), while I get the Lane (with plenty of room to park).

Evergreen is a lovely spot. Everywhere one looks something beautiful may be seen. But Evergreen needs benches—comfortable benches, conducive to reverie. And think what a boon six such resting places would be for Ed. Barczak as he wearily saunters at noon from the library to the gym. \* \* \*

There are several approaches to Evergreen. For your convenience we list them here. 1. The Approach Judicious—through the main gate, and up the main path. 2. The Approach Vicious—from Bedford Square with the 440-men and milers around the corner and bang there you are. 3. The Approach Ambitious—across the athletic field with a view of the whole campus before you inviting you to aspire to great things. 4. The Approach Surreptitious—the back way from behind the gym. 5. The Approach Malicious (especially in spring time)—up the front terrace and through the garden. Personally to all these we prefer the Approach Canisius—coming along with the dogs. \* \* \*

O wretched sinners that we are, we are undone! Ere the sun has sunk behind the Science building we may feel the vengeance of our folly. We are betraying a trust. Students, heed well the words for which we are sacrificing our homes, our loved ones and our free time. When Mr. Burke said, "No parking in the circle next to the chapel" he meant "No parking in the circle next to the chapel." \* \* \*

The optimist who used to turn the handle marked "hot" in the gym showers has a new idea. He's taking up collegiate debating to get used to talking before a crowd. \* \* \*

Ah, those debates! *They* are the social evenings for you! You may not get the point at issue, but you're sure to meet everyone. We asked a second affirmative once how he felt during a debate. He said he was nervous. But who wouldn't be? Outside all is black. The wind moans around the corner. And five men are huddled at one end of a vast library that may be haunted. At times the company would not mind even a ghost. At least there would then be some spirit at the affair. (You say you've nothing but an upper near the baggage car? I'll take it!) \* \* \*

## Cold Spring Murmurings

BY CHARLES R. GELLNER

## S. O. S.

Now when they laughing told me that  
This column would be mine,  
I gasped, I swooned and softly cursed  
The literary swine;  
And like a ship in dire distress  
I staggered to my love—  
"I am a crippled vessel, dear,  
The storm clouds high above  
Have floundered on the deep." "Don't fret,  
My darling Chucky boy,"  
She smiled to me, "I'll be your shore,  
Your shore!" (She was so coy—)  
I drew my sails in with relief  
And felt distress no more;  
All, all was safe, for then, you see,  
The vessel hugged the shore.  
\* \* \*

The artistic flourishes of modern journalism have tempted us to illustrate its peculiar excellencies by a write-up of the most famous of English sonnets.

J. KEATS, TRAVELER, STATES  
HE FEELS LIKE CORTEZ

London, Eng. . . On his return from a long trip around the Western Islands of Apollo, J. Keats, poet, told in an exclusive interview of a new publication hot off the presses. The book is an exciting translation of an ancient saga composed by a distant relative of a Greek who now operates a restaurant on Fleet St. The translator, Mr. Keats explained, is an obscure Grub-Streeter named Chapman.

When asked his opinion of the work, Mr. Keats stated that when he first read it, he had the same emotions that Cortez had when he discovered the Pacific. The Society of the Friends and Descendants of Balboa, when apprised of Mr. Keats' assertions, made vigorous protest, and have initiated action in the courts for libel.

Because of the bitter dispute that has been raised over this historical incident, the editors of the *News-Dispatch* have announced a prize essay contest on the subject, "That Peak in Darien. . . Who Did Stand On It, Anyhow?" \* \* \*

## THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

Success has turned more heads than a blonde. . . Pride has tilted more noses than halitosis.

And about that blonde. . . she might not be able to add but she certainly can distract. \* \* \*

## MODERN MOTHER GOOSE

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet  
Eating her curds and whey;  
Along came a spider and sat down beside her  
And scared the hell out of her.  
\* \* \*

Rub-a-dub-dub  
Three men in a tub  
Goodness, how utterly unsanitary!  
\* \* \*

"How old are you, my little man?" asked the motorman pleasantly as I dropped a nickel in the fare box. "I am going on eleven," I answered brightly as I brushed past him and started down the aisle. "This is one 'eleven' you're not going on," he said cheerfully as he pitched me into the St. Paul Street hedge-row. \* \* \*

"Well, well" said the lady with the purple plume in her hat as she hurtled from the rear of the train, "there wasn't any observation platform after all."

Speaking of ladies, we would like to have the name of the fair innocent who, after peering intently at one of the non-objective art pieces recently on exhibition at the Baltimore Museum of Art, whispered awesomely that it looked like "The McDonough and Child." \* \* \*

Well, fellow students, we have completed our first pillar of print under the new regime. It may amuse you—then again, it may not. So. . .

Heigh Ho! Heigh Ho!  
As off to press we go,  
This stinks for fair,  
But we don't care,  
Heigh Ho! Heigh Ho!

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### BOOK NOTES

By CHARLES R. GELLNER

*Leonardo Da Vinci*, ANTON-INA VALLENTIN, The Viking Press.

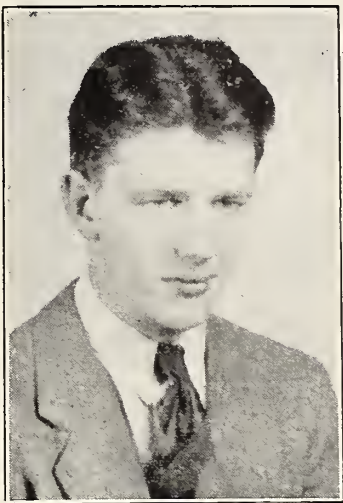
There aren't many mortals on this terrestrial orb who encompass the entire knowledge of an age. Most of us are familiar with the universal accomplishments of Aristotle, Albert the Great, Aquinas, the Bacons and other luminaries of both medieval and modern times. However, too few of us are aware of the genius of the fifteenth century Florentine, Leonardo Da Vinci.

The world at large holds him dear as the painter of those brilliant masterpieces—the Last Supper, the bewitching Mona Lisa, the Madonna of the Rocks, and the Virgin with St. Anne. Scientists worship him as a pioneer anatomist who was the first to record accurately the various structures of the human body. Engineers stand agape at his plans for military fortifications and riverworks. He was the first to conceive an armored tank, while his amazing efforts to construct an airplane have ranked him among the foremost inventors of all time. Even submarines, shrapnel and other contrivances which we look on as purely modern are faithfully delineated in his notebooks. Philosophers and physicists recognize him as a successful experimenter in statics and dynamics, and his studies of plant life have enshrined him in the hearts of biologists. The catalogue of his activities is infinite; what we have sketched so far is enough to convince anyone of that.

Yet with all his intellectual daring and brilliance, this darling of the gods tasted the gall of disappointment throughout his life. Years passed before his art was proclaimed by the world. His inventions existed only on paper for the most part and were hardly ever welcomed by his contemporaries. To his dying day his hours were bitter with frustration in his frantic struggles for perfection—a goal which Leonardo never learned it was impossible for a human to attain. It is this striving for perfection and Leonardo's subsequent bitterness that Mme. Vallentin makes the unifying theme of her biography.

Pushed from patron to patron, Leonardo could never find sufficient time for the scientific studies he adored. The brush and palette he considered a mere means of keeping poverty from his door. Even Michelangelo condemned Leonardo's painting as diletantism. Yet it is as one of the world's great painters that Leonardo is best remembered. Such ironies as these Mme. Vallentin continually exploits throughout her work.

Her account of the amazing Florentine bursts with



JOSEPH B. KELLY (ex-editor)



PAUL N. SCHAUB (new editor)

## BLUE STAR BULLETIN

For the past week, the Blue Star Chapter of the college has suspended its scheduled activities because of the recent death of Pope Pius. The members have recited rosaries daily for the repose of his soul.

James Lazzati, Prefect, has announced that the student body will have masses said for Miss Zita Risacher who died last week. Father John Risacher, Moderator of the Blue Star Chapter, has returned from El Paso, Texas, where he attended the funeral of his sister. The Chapter's program which includes many guest-speakers will be resumed next week.

### LOYOLA SPRING LECTURES

Christian Social

Philosophy

Ferdinand W. Schoberg, S.J.

Sunday - 4:00 P.M.

March 5, 12, 19, 26

LOYOLA LIBRARY

glowing pictures of Renaissance Italy and France. Her research is more fulsome than that of Merejkowski, whose *Leonardo Da Vinci* was the former stock work on this genius. Scattered here and there in her account are unsurpassable critiques of the glorious pictures Leonardo painted, as well as some excellent reproductions in color of the more famous of them. We cannot recommend the book too highly; but it would be a worthy addition to the shelves of any student's library.

## NEWS BRIEFS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2) Student Mission Crusade. Mr. Thaler will represent this unit in the Baltimore finals.

Dr. Doehler has lectured to the Pikesville Rotary Club on "Nova Scotia" and also to the Holy Name Society of St. Charles Church at Pikesville on the subject "The Catholic Influence on the American Constitution."

The following students are placed on the Dean's List of Distinguished Students for having attained an average of 85% or over in each and every subject for the Second Quarter, ending January 20, 1939.

Seniors: Charles M. Connor, Charles P. Crimby, William A. Doyle, L. Edward Hooper, J. Carroll O'Neill, Samuel J. Powers. Juniors: John C. Baummer, Charles R. Gellner. Sophomores: Carl F. Gottschalk, Henry J. Houska. Freshmen: William M. Burke, Nathan Canter, Richard W. Gallon, John V. Helfrich, Edward Kaltenbach, Edward L. Kessler, Sheldon A. Miller, Joseph E. Reahl, Thomas J. Thaler, Norman V. Waltjen, Harold H. Weinberg, Casimir M. Zacharski.

The Loyola Glee Club and several instrumentalists from the college gave an informal musical entertainment at the Maryland State Penitentiary on Sunday afternoon, February 5. A trio composed of Edmond Scavone, Henry Zangara and Lewis Lortz played several classical and popular selections. Robert Rhoad rendered two baritone solos and Chilton Brooks performed on the piano accordion.

SEE SENIORS FOR

YEAR BOOK

SUBSCRIPTIONS

## BELLARMINE DEBATERS TO ENGAGE HOLY CROSS

Washington Also Booked

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

Edward Kaltenbach and Charles E. Barrett represented Loyola in a debate with Gettysburg College on February 8. They supported the negative side of the question; "Resolved: That the United States should establish an alliance with Great Britain." No decision was rendered. A return debate has been planned which is to be held at the Knights of Columbus.

The schedule for the future includes a debate with Fordham on March 17, and a return debate with that university on March 31; one with Georgetown; and an intra-Society debate at the Knights of Columbus on March 8, using the question debated at Gettysburg College. Also, a "co-ed" debate is scheduled and a capacity crowd expected.

### Emmet Queen Addresses Mendel Club Meeting

"Genes-Units of Heredity" Is Title Of His Talk

At the last regular meeting of the Mendel Club, February 3, 1939, a talk was delivered by J. Emmet Queen on the topic, "Genes-Units of Heredity." Mr. Queen assembled all the material on Genes and thoroughly discussed his topic and the experiments that have been conducted in this field. He specifically mentioned Mendel who is noted for his work on Heredity and especially for his two laws of Heredity. His speech was followed by a general discussion in which all the members took part.

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### Theatre Comment

By PAUL SCHAUB

*The Little Foxes* are vicious little foxes, and if you prefer your drama diluted, you won't readily approve of them. The new play, by Lillian Hellman, has no truck with Pollyanna. It oozes venom and treachery and all the other unlovely pastimes of the wicked. We are shown a furious battle between three myrmidons of Mammon and their kinsmen who yearn for the simpler things, but, contrary to all accepted tradition, virtue does not emerge very triumphant at the finish; which makes for a realism and a strength not found often in a modern theatre that wants to be disgustingly lukewarm.

The characters of Miss Hellman are carved from steel. They pursue the filthy lucre with a becoming greed and savagery. Tallulah Bankhead, who leads the hostile forces, is the most sinister shrew we have ever seen across the footlights. She definitely proves the lie to the popular notion that little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice. Tallulah is all acid and dynamite, as she snarls and fumes and brings her family to ruin.

In all, the play is done with a consummate finish and sterling characterization on the part of everyone. Perhaps the ghastly note is sounded too long, and perhaps men don't really descend to such extremes to grab the almighty dollar. But we'll wager that the main cause for general disapproval will be that it makes American audiences a trifle too self-conscious.

However, there were no little foxes in *Mrs. O'Brien Entertains*. In comparison, its subject was a flock of doves. George Abbott has produced another exhilarating comedy, besides doing a bit of effective flag-waving for the land of the free and the home of the brave. The story concerns an old Irishman's efforts to solve all racial problems by the simple process of amalgamation. He herds a group of foreign representatives into his daughter's home, and then plays the role of an international Dan Cupid. Healthy humor is the result, and the superb cast should keep Broadway chuckling for quite a while.



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## SCRIBBLERS' CORNER

### POET'S DEATH

*The melody  
No longer can be heard—  
Nor does the memory of the tune remain.  
But only silence, and that shifting dust  
That cannot know  
The freshness of the rain.*

*No breath  
Of air is felt—  
No sound to break the silence of the day.  
And the flower in the ivory hand,  
Too much caressed,  
Has withered full away.*

### ENCOUNTER

*We met them on a narrow path—  
Fear, and Hate, and Doubt—  
And fiercely though they set on me,  
The first I put to rout.*

*And Hate was craven in the fight.  
Full soon I laid him low—  
But I myself was swiftly felled  
Beneath the third one's blow.*

*Then loud my loved one called to me:  
"Come take me by the hand."  
Together we soon conquered him,  
The strongest of the band.*

DANIEL J. LODEN.

### IN DEFENSE OF COON HUNTING

Occasionally I turn up in school with my eyes looking like two poached eggs in dirty saucers. My friends, sensing tragedy, drama, or at least romance, invariably ask, "What happened to you last night?" And when I tell them that I was coon hunting, they laugh. Now I don't mind their laughing, because, considered morally, laughter is next to the Ten Commandments; but I do think they ought to refrain from laughing nastily. Not only is it not in good taste, but it also betrays an abysmal lack of knowledge.

At the outset let me state that coon hunting is not a synonym for drinking or necking, as some may think. The affairs we hear about, where several dozen people go frolicking about the woods, consuming unbelievable quantities of suicide, inadequately chaperoned by a couple of thoroughly disgusted hounds, are not coon hunts. The term, when applied to them, is an excellent example of the use of a superlative euphemism.

Real coon hunting is true sport. It is clean and hard—a man's game; a test of skill, of stamina, and sometimes of courage; a sport in which you have to be able to take it! Ten or fifteen miles of tramping over rough country, involving climbing over hills, rocks and fallen trees and, the curse of all huntsmen, barbed wire fences; wading through streams and across treacherous mucky bogs; crashing through dense underbrush of brambles, thick clusters of laurels and patches of greenbriers; and all this by the inadequate light of a lantern, is by no means child's play. It is a strenuous workout for the man who is in fine physical fettle; for the weak, the infirm and the fat, it is an impossibility.

To compensate for the contingent hardships, coon hunting provides its devotees with innumerable thrills, and offers them more in the way of satisfaction for their innate appetites in one night than they can find in seven nights of revels, or in a week's attendance at a college of the liberal arts!

There is something about a forest at night—its mystery—its solitude—that produces a sustained exhilaration. Darkness is like a powerful magnifying glass. It makes the trees taller, the brooks broader, the hills higher; and correspondingly dwarfs the observer—makes him feel that he is being looked at through binoculars held the wrong way. Strangely, at night one sees more than he does in the daytime. His senses are sharpened; he is acutely aware of every movement, every sound; and at night in the great woods there are plenty of movements and plenty of sounds. Some he can account for and does—that low moan was caused by two limbs rubbing together when the wind blew—that eerie scream was not from a woman in distress, but from a large hoot owl. But some sounds he can't classify—that rustling in the leaves when there is no wind—a shrill whistle when there isn't a soul for miles—that unseen prowler that causes his hound to cower in the light of the lantern—all mysteries of the night that never will be solved. And that is precisely what makes coon hunting fascinating. Things happen, and there is no check placed on the imagination.

Besides this sustained uplift, there are the more exciting thrills of the chase. That moment when the hounds strike and the silence is shattered by their booming voices echoing and re-echoing through the misty hollows. The trail is cold—

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

## Alumni Doings

J. H. BAUMGARTNER, JR.

### ALUMNI BANQUET

Plans have now been completed for the annual Alumni Banquet to be held next Tuesday evening, February 21, at the Belvedere Hotel. The committee on speakers, under the chairmanship of John W. Farrell '17, has been very fortunate in obtaining two excellent guest speakers. They are Honorable Herbert R. O'Connor '17, governor of Maryland, and the Honorable J. J. Cornwell, former governor of the State of West Virginia, at present general counsel for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. With two such able speakers it is not possible for the banquet to be anything but a stellar success. Leo A. Codd '16 will act as toastmaster of the dinner.

Music for the occasion will be furnished by undergraduate students, and will consist of a vocal quartet, an instrumental trio, and the piano accompaniment.

According to Isaac S. George '01, general chairman, the attendance will be the largest and finest yet. As a matter of fact the returns to date are already three weeks ahead of last year's.

Hugh Allen Meade '29, whose name frequently appears in print in this column, has recently received a fine job. Hugh has been appointed Special Counsel to the States Comptroller attached to the Attorney General's office. Congratulations to Mr. Meade on his new position.

The class of 1927 held its annual reunion on Sunday February 12, at the home of Sticks Whiteford. The usual large turnout was on deck for the occasion. Incidentally, this group is working hard to keep its record of having the largest number at the annual Alumni Banquet.

Again it is our pleasant duty to announce those who have recently joined the large group of lawyer alumni. In the number are Joseph A. Watson '31, James S. Becker, '33, Frank B. Keech '33, John K. Barbour, Jr. '37. And so to the latest *addendi* to Loyola barristers before the bar, our sincere congratulations.

Rogers E. Lewis, Jr. '35, former editor-in-chief of THE GREYHOUND, was recently elected president of the Baltimore Inter-Veteran Unit Council of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, which in spite of its prolix name, is the central advisory and coordinating body composed of representatives of the sixteen Veteran Units in Baltimore.

We have a note of the doings of the brothers Eastman. Harry B. '35 was married, October 22, to Frances E. Murphy and the couple are now housekeeping out on Edgewood Street. The other, Francis '36 returned late in the fall to resume residence in this city, after having been for a good while in New Orleans.

Thomas J. Kenny '32 was recently elected president of the St. Charles College Lay Alumni Association.

Robert M. Lyons '26 was married to Miss Helen Quinn on January 17th at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. Mr. Lyons' best man was Dr. Raymond Helfrich '27. Mr. Lyons, since graduating from Maryland Law School and passing the Bar exam in 1927, has been associated with the Claims department of the U. S. F. & G. Company in the home office here in Baltimore.

The class of '35 is advancing along the road of the medical profession. Internships have been won by Ray Cunningham at the University Hospital, by James Cianos at St. Agnes', and by William Kammer at Mercy.

We learn of the untimely death of Thomas A. Whelan '15 on Saturday, February 11th. Mr. Whelan is a son of Thomas A. Whelan, Sr., founder of the Whelan Gold Medal awarded to the senior student who attains the highest class average in Ethics. Mr. Whelan was a prominent Baltimore broker and member of the New York Stock Exchange.

It is our pleasant duty to announce the birth of sons to Leo Ireton '27 and Jacque Ayd '37 quite recently. Mother and child in both cases are doing very well.

## Animadversions

By CHARLES BAUMMER

A recent performance of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra produced for the first time a masterly composition entitled "The Mission Road," commemorating the heroic exploits of the saintly Padre Junipero Serra. It is the work of Franz Bornschein, noted Baltimore composer, under whose direction the members of the Loyola Glee Club have had the privilege of singing on various occasions in conjunction with the Associated Glee Clubs of Baltimore. Mr. Bornschein was happy in the selection of so beautiful a theme as the zealous California missionary's inspiring life for treatment in a symphony, which will assuredly appeal to all Catholics who love the saintly pioneer and to all patriotic Americans who hold his memory in reverence.

Quite a new honor has been bestowed upon Loyola. She has now a Poet Laureate, in the person of none other than our distinguished former staff member, Dan Loden. The title was conferred on him by His Royal Highness, the Bentztown Bard, in an imperial edict of February 6, entitled "Good Morning." Congratulations, Loyola. And thanks, Bentztown Bard.

A great musical festival will take place in Baltimore in the latter part of May. Thousands of singers and musicians will come to the city as guests of the Musical Club of Baltimore, and hold forth in a full week's program of the finest music. The Loyola Glee Club will join a large delegation of students from the various colleges in the city in rendering at the festival a series of sacred songs which will be part of an elaborate pageant. Something for the boys and the people of Baltimore to look forward to.

One of the most important contributions to Catholic intellectual life and growth in the last decade has been the publishing firm of Sheed and Ward. In an interview granted me during his recent stay in Baltimore, Mr. Frank J. Sheed, co-founder of the firm, kindly gave a few details pertaining to its work. Begun in London in 1926 and more recently established in New York, it has won a world-wide reputation for its superior publications. Annually it produces fifty to sixty books, all Catholic in material, which are, as Mr. Sheed explains, sort of "middle-brow." At present the firm is engaged in printing a long, unpublished work of Imogen Guiney. Her "Recusant Poets" deals with the lives of Catholic poets of England who were persecuted since the time of the Reformation. It is regarded as Miss Guiney's best work and she made

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 4)

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Running With The Hounds

By NOAH WALKER

Basketball Resume:

The court season is now only a few weeks away from the curtain fall. The record to date shows eight wins and eleven defeats, unless Hopkins upsets the Green and Grey quintet. This showing is not outstanding but, on the other hand, not disappointing. First of all the Greyhounds are in second place in the Maryland Collegiate League. Also, they have played exceptionally good ball against the better fives of the Eastern seaboard. Loyola lost to Marshall, Villanova, Catholic U., Wittenburg, Seton Hall and twice to Georgetown. These teams, headed by Georgetown, which last year won the Eastern Collegiate championship, are very formidable aggregations. Loyola very nearly won several of these games, losing by only one or two points. The one blotch on the schedule was the upset by Western Maryland. This was due partly to that old fiend, overconfidence, and partly to lack of coolness in the closing minutes of the game. Hereafter, the slogan adopted by Lefty Reitz when meeting "easy" opponents will be "Remember Western Maryland." The "Hounds" showed they have real ability when they played close games against Georgetown, Marshall and others. Therefore, the very same squad with a few additions will profit by these experiences and will, no doubt, give us a cracker-jack ball club next year, reminiscent of the days when Loyola could beat the best, including Yale and Georgetown.

An Old Bug:

The first game of the present season was not fifty minutes old when the injury bug hit the team. In the very first game Tommy Stackem, after scoring ten points in the first half, twisted his ankle. This casualty has meant a great many points to the team. Then Joe Keech pulled the muscles in his side down at Chestertown and has been of little use since. Vic Bock has also suffered from an ankle injury which, however, has responded to treatment. These casualties have proved costly to the quintet, but now everyone on the squad seems to be fit for the big finale.

The Homestretch:

Just as many a racehorse won by his drive in the homestretch, so can this year's basketball team upset the dope in the Maryland Collegiate Basketball League. However, even to beat Mt. St. Mary's for second place is a mighty tough assignment. The college must down Tom Kibler's "Flying Pentagon" from Chestertown and the "Mountaineers" from Emmitsburg twice. I think the Hounds can beat Washington. At Chestertown last month, they lost by 11 points. They were

Hounds Beat St. Johns Twice In One Week

Captain Barczak, Aided By Bock Pile Up Score For Undisputed Wins

In the course of a week, Lefty Reitz's "Kid Team" twice turned back the orange-clad quintet of St. John's of Annapolis. Both games were won by decisive margins, and the Green and Gray second-stringers saw a great deal of action. Ed Barczak led the scoring in both games although he played only about a half of each. Vic Bock contributed 16 points in the first contest which helped swell our total to 50.

McDonough Flashes

Of the many substitutes which paraded into both games, Buddy McDonough showed the most promise. At Annapolis, he cut well and followed loose balls like a hawk. If Mac keeps up this good work, he may be much help in future years.

Shawn Stars

Walt Cummings was given a good workout by the Johnny star, Shawn, who led the St. John scoring on the Crabtown court. In the game at Evergreen, Frank Buck hit the cords for four field goals and three foul shots to lead his team.

Johnnies Withdraw

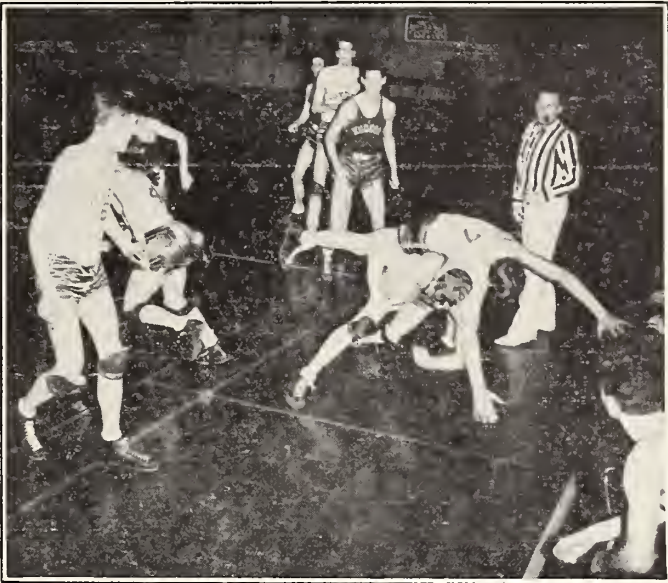
The contest here marked the end of Loyola's competition with the squad of Dutch Lentz. Dutch, who used to coach our own Lefty Reitz at Calvert Hall, is admired everywhere for his coaching ability. He leaves St. John's this year, but Loyola hopes to compete again with one of his teams.

outscored by only one field goal; the Washington margin of victory was in foul shots. We might say that in this department the home team was assisted materially by the referees. But we won't. The day after the game, one of the referees phoned Lefty Reitz and apologized for the poor officiating. A referee admitted he was wrong! (this should have been an "extra edition".) Captain Barczak's crew should be able to take Mount Saint Mary's at our gym, but will be handicapped by playing the Mountaineers in theirs. If the college loses only one of these three and wins all the rest, we will end up in second place.

Farewell To A Veteran:

For four years, Joe Keech has worn the Green and Gray colors on the basketball court. He is not the best player who has ever come to Loyola, but he has one quality everyone admires. We refer to his "intestinal fortitude." Both spectators and opponents have respected Joe for this quality which is so necessary for a good athlete. We hope that future Greyhound teams will copy the fight and courage of Joe Keech; and for the example he has given his teammates, we say "good work and good luck."

THE GREYHOUND



Thobe Follows Ball in Hudson Game

Quintet Wins Return Game from Hudson

Loyola Takes Thriller From Jersey Five By 46-34 Greyhounds Lead Throughout Entire Contest

It was sweet revenge for Loyola when the quintet defeated Hudson College last Saturday night on the Evergreen court. The victory obliterated the 40-32 loss sustained in New Jersey last month. The game was extremely fast and was packed with exceptional plays from start to finish. The college played close to their best form and did this without the support of very many students.

Greyhounds Lead

Loyola scored first on a field goal by captain Barczak and were never behind from that point on. Hudson retaliated by matching basket for basket until midway of the first half. At this point, Barczak and Thobe made two successive field goals to send the hounds into a 4 point lead.

Schrader Scores

Dolfe Schrader, high scorer for the visitors with 10 points, then dribbled past Walt Cummings and ripped the cords to cut the home team's margin to two points. The battle surged up and down the floor with Loyola never increasing their two point lead. The half ended with Lefty Reitz's team in front 27-25.

PAVESE NEW FOIL COACH

Former Tutor Of Teddy Roosevelt And U.S.N.A.

The Fencing Team has acquired a coach in the person of the well known Generosa Pavese, undefeated three-weapon fencing champion. Mr. Pavese has had much experience in coaching, having been fencing master to the late Theodore Roosevelt and fencing master at the United States Naval Academy. He is a fine example of how fencing aids and develops the body and holds an enviable position in the annals of this sport. He intends to instruct the Loyola squad along technical lines, to enable them to obtain more perfect timing and speed.

Grandstand Gossip

by PAUL O'DAY

Jack Kelly, lacrosse coach, prepares for a big season. The squad held its first meeting last week....Thirty five candidates answered the call. The second year looms bright for the sport's future here at Loyola...Navy-St. Johns-Hopkins-Virginia are among a few of the schools to be met...And we trust conquered. Ed Smith has returned to handle the managerial duties again—and well too....

Ed Dill and his boys fence away...even to the wee hours of the night...South Carolina is to be fought in the near future...Maryland and Hopkins drew their weapons and scattered our boys...but they're still in the thick of battle...And how about their hiring of an undefeated world's champion as coach! Congratulations...

We have an ice-hockey team these days...and mainly through the efforts of Jack McLaughlin...The college is prepared to enter new fields of athletic endeavor...a match has been arranged with Georgetown to be played at the Ice Palace in Washington this week....

"Big Walt" Cummings has made his debut as a point-getter in these last few games...And we're not forgetting the efforts of Ed Barczak...What an eye for those from the outside...And one of the best guards in the state is little Tom Stakem...he is coming along after a serious injury to his ankle...Pound for pound, Tom ranks with the best of them...Our nomination for a smooth ball-player is Vic Bock...Watch his handling of that spheroid... 'tis a pleasure...A mystery... Why is Brother Bracken taking such a razzing these nights he appears upon the courts?...treason in the air...but why?

Brady Murphy and his Intermural League is weathering stormy seas...Only one game a day till the Varsity stows away its equipments... Seniors, Juniors "A" and Frosh "B" will supply the fireworks in Division 1...and Division 2 has Soph "B" and Soph "D" to pep up things.

Those Jay Vee Basketballers are still with us...Yep, practice every day...play prelims before Varsity matches...and what happens?...nothing...But the boys are still hoping and developing for next year.

Added Mystery...What has happened to the cheers that were to mark the basketball games?...Loyola spirit?...

LOYOLA			
	G	F	T
Barczak, f.....	5	2	12
Stakem, f.....	1	0	2
Clancy, f.....	1	0	2
Cummings, c.....	1	0	2
Thobe, g.....	9	0	18
McDonough, g.....	2	6	10

HUDSON			
	G	F	T
Hill, f.....	1	1	3
Martin, f.....	2	0	4
Scioli, f.....	0	2	2
Schrader, c.....	5	0	10
Regeneye, g.....	2	3	7
Mendress, g.....	2	4	8

Non-scoring substitutes—Loyola: Bracken, Reahl, Tanneyhill; Hudson: Clancy, Gill.

SPORTS BRIEFS

Basketball

Loyola 35 — Hopkins 30

Ice Hockey

Georgetown 2—Loyola 2

Fencing

Loyola 19 — St. John's 8

FENCING SCHEDULE

Feb. 11—St. Johns	Away
Feb. 22—St. Joseph (Philadelphia)	Away
Feb. 24—Johns Hopkins	Away
Mar. 4 or 18—St. Josephs (Philadelphia)	Home
Mar. 11—St. Johns	Home

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## Jamming With Joe

By JOE CONNOR

Swing music, striving to become an accepted art form, is in just as much of a predicament today as it was at its outset. Ten years ago real music lovers could not accept it because they never knew it existed. Today they have heard it and refuse to accept it. I believe that the primary reason for this situation can be traced directly to my one personal grudge against swing—the fact that its rhythms are acceptable to dancers.

True, we cannot but admit that the dancing public is largely responsible for making swing music available to such a wide audience. But the dancers, for the most part, hear only the superficial aspects of the music, i.e., brass figures, rolling saxes, and a steady (to some, monotonous) rhythm. Because this is apparently all they ever care to hear, hoards of commercial-minded bandleaders have incorporated these features into their style of playing, some even employing them exclusively, so as to be looked upon by gullible John Q. as the fin-

est type of swing band. At the head of this class we must put that musical robber-baron of the twentieth century—Mr. Larry Clinton.

With the number of these pseudo-swingsters now far exceeding that of the genuine swing groups, it is small wonder that the classical musician and the more music-minded public confuses the good with the bad and rejects the whole business as tripe.

What is to be done about this state of affairs? It is folly to hope to ever convince the amusement world, whose tastes change with the weather, that swing is anything but a medium of expression for dancing feet. As Duke Ellington, in a recent article, so aptly expressed it: "When the artistic point of view gains commercial standing, artistry itself bows out, leaving inspiration to die a slow death."

The only alternative, then, is to try to get the exponent of classical music and the confirmed music lover to see hot jazz in its true light. To some this may seem a long way off, but when men like Toscanini and Stokowski begin to take an interest, there is cause for great rejoicing. At present, Walter M. Neum-

berg, of New York's Town Hall music committee, and other prominent musical personalities are conducting a series of lectures and concerts devoted to a study of Jazz as a native American art. We hope that by means such as these the general public will be encouraged to give more serious thought to the music of today as an art rather than as mere entertainment.

## Wax Works:

All you skeptics who refuse to believe that some musicians do play for reasons other than monetary compensation are advised to get an earful of a record waxed recently by an all-star band, selected by a well-known musical monthly. This unusual platter, (the entire proceeds of which will go to charity), although dug by a large 13-piece group, contains, particularly on the side labeled *The*

*Blues*, truly magnificent solos by many of today's greatest swing artists.

## ANIMADVERSIONS

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 5)

it her life study. The first of two volumes has come from press, and treats of poets from Thomas Moore to Ben Johnson. All lovers of poetry, particularly all devotees of Miss Guiney, will eagerly await the publication of the companion volume.

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## SCRIBBLERS' CORNER

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 1)

the coon has a long start—and they work it slowly, their bay-ing worried, uncertain, spasmodic. Now one of the dogs finds the trail where it is hot; the others chime in with him and the race is on. Down through the woods they tear in full cry, the hunter scrambling to remain within hearing. Faster and faster grows the tempo in the music of the howling hounds—they are driving now, closing the gap between them and their game. The hunter hurls himself after them, hurdling over rocks and leaping ravines that he would never think of negotiating in saner moments. Each obstacle nature throws in his path of pursuit is the object of his immediate wrath; once overcome, he regards it as another conquest and hurries almost eagerly to the next. Suddenly the hounds cease their bawling. The hunter pulls up panting and waits—physically as well as mentally breathless. Has the coon eluded them? Will they find the tree? He wonders and hopes and prays and waits. Then comes the supreme, climactic, barbaric thrill. The hounds take up the cry again, but their notes have changed. The quarry is treed! Bursting with success, he whoops triumphantly to the furiously barking dogs, and heedless of the briars that snatch at his clothing, he crashes his way to the tree.

Finally there is the fight. Climbing the tree with the aid of spurs (a dangerous business when the tree is large), the hunter shakes down the coon. A superior fighter, the animal wades into his larger but less adept foe, and a savage battle ensues, first one then the other gaining the advantage. It is a struggle to the death, and it is not always the hounds that come out on top. I have seen inexperienced dogs cut to ribbons by the raking claws and sharp tusks of the ring tail; so that when he is subdued both dog and man are to be congratulated. Satisfied at last, the hunter picks up his catch and trudges toward his car, when suddenly from behind a rock a figure emerges and blocks his path. He stops so short, he almost falls backwards as a gruff voice inquires, "What the h— are you doing in my woods?" No, my friends, coon hunting is not without its thrills.

Lest you think that the quest of the coon is merely sport for low brow thrill hunters, I will show you that it also appeals to man's higher aesthetic tastes; to his love of beauty and of music; and to his desire for solitude in which to think deep thoughts. Where, outside of the woods, can a man find so much real beauty? Where can he listen to a symphony more celestial than the wind in the trees; a solo sweeter than the serenade of the singing brook; a chorus more harmonious than blended voices of baying hounds? Where, outside of the plantations of the Lord, can he contemplate the depths of the stars and return to reason and to faith?

Incidentally, my laughing friends sometimes show up in the mornings looking pale green and decidedly the worse for wear. But when I ask them to explain—how many can answer as proudly as I?

NED STEVENSON.

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